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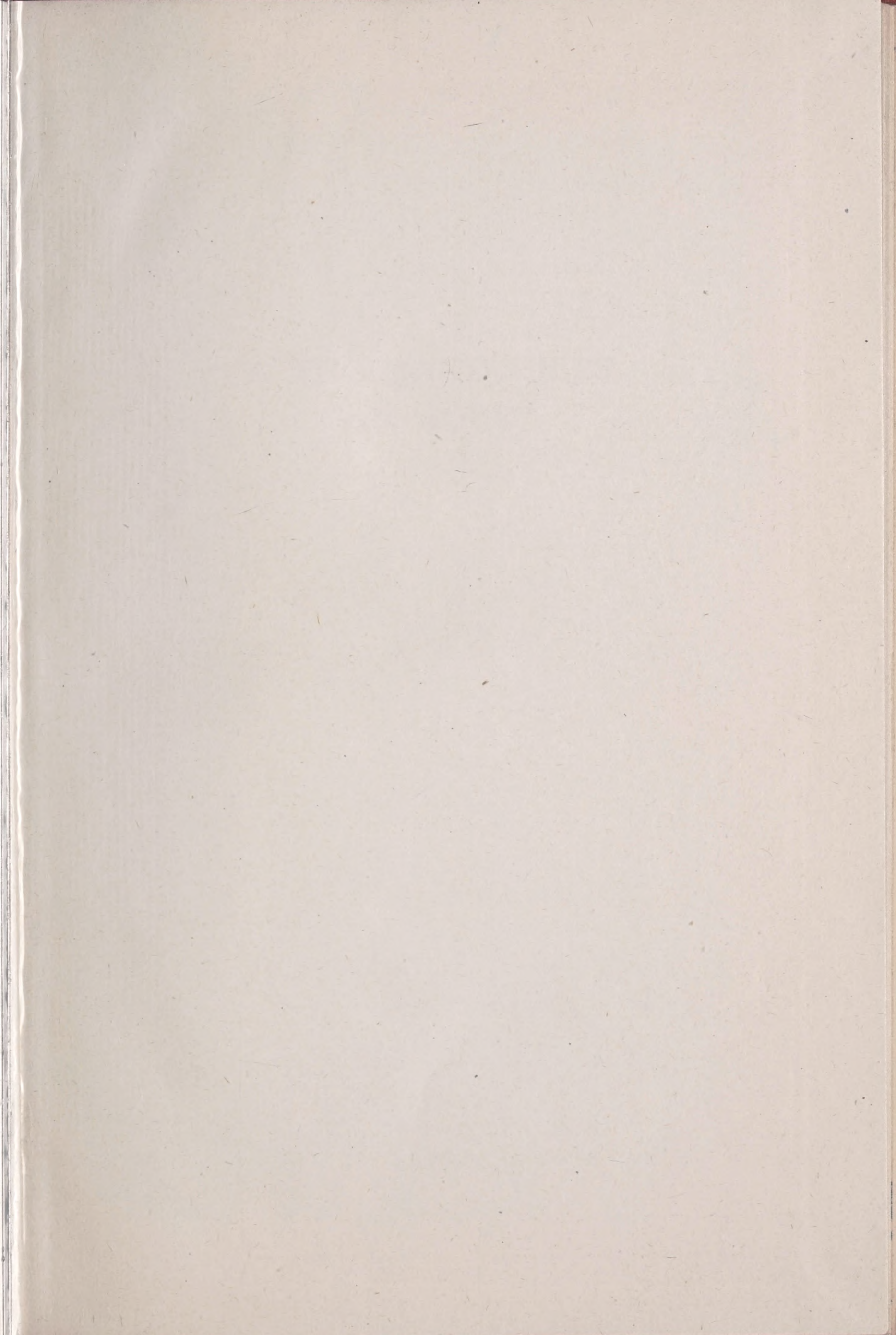


















A THOUSAND MILES  
AN HOUR

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# A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR

BY  
ROBERT C. GIVINS

AUTHOR OF  
"AROUND THE WORLD WITH THREE GIRLS OR  
JONES ABROAD"  
"THE MILLIONAIRE TRAMP"  
"THE RICH MAN'S FOOL"  
ETC.



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## PREFACE

A small group of visitors sat on the porch of the Grassmere Hotel, Fairyland, Bermuda, one evening discussing future possibilities of aerial navigation—one suggested that if we could ascend beyond the limit of gravitation exceedingly quick time might be made.

The author of this story who was present at the time decided that the idea was at least worth recording.

Who can foretell the future?







# A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR

## CHAPTER I

**I**T WAS A. D. 1925. The little promontory called Fairyland, jutting out into the bay, in the Bermuda Islands, was crowded with an excited multitude of people. "The motor cannot carry them." "They will be hurled into the sea." "The authorities should prevent it," and like remarks fell thick and fast from those who crowded about the huge, strange structure, now almost ready for its trial trip. This mammoth aeroplane had been in course of construction for two anxious years and today all the intricate machinery, compressed air tanks, improved motors and the mysterious "atmospheric condenser" were in place.

Everything was in excellent working order, and so pronounced by the scientific French aeronaut Carbonel, who had been induced to superintend the work.

Many had lately visited the Islands, partly out of curiosity to see the new aeroplane, and one young woman, Miss Leonora Loveday, had de-



cided to accept the invitation to go. Miss Love-day had, with her father, recently made a record trip from Chicago to San Francisco in their famous improved aeroplane. Mr. J. V. Huntington, who had furnished funds for the expense of the trip and the construction work, was the sole owner of the wonderful new airship. The motorman, Hans Nelson, the expert machinist and engineer, Henry Wilson, together with Professor Aaron Childs, the noted scientist and authority on atmospheric conditions, comprised the party of six. Childs was the inventor of the so-called "atmospheric condenser," by which he claimed and believed that the space beyond the limit of earthly atmosphere could be so converted and charged with certain gases that it would sustain human life.

Many fishermen along the edge of Grassy Bay had anchored their boats and were awaiting the ascent of the monster airship. A huge steel spiral propelling screw with a fifteen foot tread ran up through the roof, extending forty feet into the air, and by the aid of the powerful motor, the revolutions became marvelous, causing a lifting power of over thirty tons, while the airship with all its machinery and occupants



weighed but twenty tons. If necessary, the side and rear propellers could be operated at the same time, and thus the airship directed to follow any course at the will of the motorman. Large charts and maps were in evidence and an immense revolving lens enabled the occupants of the car to follow the line of cities, towns, villages, rivers and mountains to be met with on the trip, and "met with" in this case was a well selected expression, because once beyond the limit of attraction or gravitation, the airship would practically remain stationary, and the rotation of the earth would send cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers and oceans flying under them at the rate of about one thousand miles an hour.

The time set for the ascension was 10 A. M. Owing, however, to the fact that the motorman had not received all his supplies, the start was delayed. Steamboats, launches, yachts, row boats, gun boats and craft of every description filled Fisherman's Bay directly opposite the spot selected for the ascension. Carriages and all manner of vehicles lined the road to Spanish Point and other available driveways.

Miss Loveday was attired in a dark brown



traveling suit, and a small sailor's cap. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, and having had considerable experience as an aeronaut was quite composed. The assemblage cheered her frequently as she appeared at the windows of the airship, she responding by waving a small flag upon which the ladies in the hotel near by had embroidered "Bermuda," the name of the airship. The regiment band from Prospect Hill had promised to play a potpourri embracing several national airs as the great aeroplane ascended.

It was 12:01 when Henry Wilson, the engineer, announced that the machinery was in perfect working order, the gasoline tanks filled, and they were ready to start. As the bugle called the band together the crowd again cheered vociferously. The powerful motor was started and the immense spiral screw commenced its revolutions. An engineer from a man-of-war in the harbor said, "It won't go; it's too heavy," but as the great spiral screw commenced to revolve rapidly the engineer changed his mind, for in a few seconds the ponderous airship commenced to strain and creak and arose a few feet from the ground, then as more power was turned on, she



ascended like a huge bird almost in a perpendicular direction. The occupants of the car waved international flags, while the crowd again cheered lustily, bidding them Godspeed and good-bye. The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" as the "Bermuda" sailed gracefully upward into space. At 1 o'clock the crowd still remaining discerned but a small speck in the sky a little east of the place of ascension. At 2 o'clock the "Bermuda" was no longer visible to the naked eye. The excited watchers had all dispersed. "We will never see them again," said a well-dressed man as he slowly retraced his steps to the Hamilton Hotel. "Why not?" said another, "they will be in Peking, China, by midnight, but it won't be midnight there." The well-dressed man laughed, saying, "Yes, Peking or some other warm place."

After leaving the Island the motorman reduced the speed to give Professor Childs an opportunity to experiment with the atmosphere. It became exceedingly cold at two miles, but the Professor ordered all windows in the car closed, touched a button he had connected with a singular contrivance in the car, and in a few



minutes a temperature of 70 degrees was experienced. As they soared beyond the limit of the earth's attraction, no decided change was noticeable in the car. After an altitude of several miles was reached everyone became slightly exhilarated and all were singing, laughing, cracking jokes and making fun. Even the staid wizard of the air, Childs, made fun of their trip and laughed at every little incident like an enthusiastic school boy.

"Too much oxygen," remarked Childs, "we are becoming excited," then turning a small lever in his condenser the fun subsided and the engineer got out his chart.

"Ten miles above the earth," announced Carbonel. "I believe we have now reached the limit of gravitation."

"Not yet," replied Childs, "but we will soon be high enough."

"God be praised," replied Huntington, "a decideration I have longed for over a dozen years. Has it come at last?"

"We are now virtually so high that we are out of all power of the earth to attract the airship to any extent and carry us with it. Don't



you see? Look through the glass," said Carbonel excitedly. "The sea is rushing past."

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" exclaimed Huntington.

All peered by turns through the revolving telescope. The sea rushed furiously past them.

"Why, can it be possible," exclaimed Carbonel, "we are entirely out of the limit of gravitation?"

"Not by many miles," said Childs, "but my gases answer."

Huntington inquired, "How fast are we going?"

Carbonel smiled. "We are stationary, but the sea is going a thousand miles an hour. The world, you know, goes faster at the equator—a little over a thousand miles an hour, but here not a quite a thousand. The world being 25,000 miles around at the equator, it is not so much where we are. The world is going east on its axis; we are not moving."

"What time will we sight land?" asked Miss Loveday.

"You will see the coast of South Carolina before 1 o'clock," replied Carbonel, consulting his watch.



"Do you see that large white expanse?"

"What is it?" inquired Huntington of the professor.

"Nothing but a fog. You never saw one so far away before," he replied.

"What is that little speck I see through the glass ahead of us?" asked Miss Loveday, after less than an hour had elapsed and all were busy discussing the genuine comfort of the temperature in the car.

"Charleston, South Carolina," replied Carbonel.

"Think of it," exclaimed Huntington, "this rate of speed has never been obtained before."

"Thank the good world for that," remarked the professor, who was busy regulating the atmosphere and watching his condenser as it recorded the pressure of the air.

"This is the first time on record the motive power of the busy old world has been put to practical use," said Carbonel.

"There has always been a lot of nonsensical talk about people collapsing and freezing to death when out of the sphere of gravitation and where there is no atmosphere," observed Professor Childs. "Don't you feel quite comfortable, Miss Loveday?"



"Splendid," the heroic young aeronaut replied.

Engineer Wilson devoted his entire time scrutinizing the working of the machinery. "I was afraid," he said to Carbonel, "when we were ascending so rapidly it might cause friction of the cogs and hinder the action of the wheels, but the machinery is working like a charm. A grand success."

"You can thank me for that," remarked Childs, "I have been giving them oxygen, hydrogen and other gases as required."

"I know it," replied Wilson. "Without you, sir, we might have been all shriveled up floating around in space."

"My apparatus exceeds my most sanguine expectations," proudly announced the professor. "Why, I can change the air in this car in a few seconds to any degree we desire and it aids the machinery."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" exclaimed Huntington, who with Miss Loveday was examining the chart. "We are passing over Texas; look at it through the glass. See the miles of prairie! We are near Dallas."



"Please remember," said Carbonel with a smile, "Dallas is passing us."

"Yes, yes, I forgot that," said Huntington. "Say, isn't it grand to have the earth do the speeding for us. One can't 'beat the world' in this case."

"Oh, you would like to if you could," said Miss Loveday. "Whoop! we go! In a few hours we will see the Pacific Ocean. That is certainly going. I thought I was flying when we made San Francisco, but pshaw! Why that was only snailing along. Hurrah for us!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young woman. "What is that island over there in the distance?" inquired Miss Loveday, apologizing to Carbonel for her inquisitiveness.

"That is a great sand desert," said Carbonel. "We will pass almost directly over San Diego, and you will be able to see the outlines of trees and perhaps the white houses. The next islands we pass will be the Hawaiian. We go north of them."

"We pass," said Huntington, laughing.

"Pardonnez moi," said Carbonel. "I mean, of course, the Hawaiian Islands pass us."

"Don't you think I had better prepare after-



noon tea?" asked Miss Loveday with a sweet smile. "We were all so excited before leaving, our lunch was practically forgotten."

"Yes, I am as hungry as a hawk," said Huntington. "Spread the table and I will help you with the dishes."

"Please don't," she said.

"Look out!" observed Professor Childs. "Please wait a moment, don't light a match, for heaven's sake, girl, you might blow us all into atoms in a second. Hand me your teapot." The professor with a knowing smile touched the teapot with a small apparatus he took from a drawer and the water was boiling immediately.

"Handy man," said Miss Loveday as she poured the tea into the boiling water.

"Now, Miss, don't do anything hereafter about the airship without consulting me, at least not until we get down to gravitation or to Peking."

This made them all laugh, even the busy and taciturn engineer chuckled.

"We are now nearing the south end of Japan. Jerusalem!" said Huntington, carefully examining the large map. "Think of it."

"Yes," replied Carbonel, "the great Pacific has



been crossed, or I should say again, it has passed us; 7,000 miles in a few hours.

"The speed limit," replied Leonora laughing.

"How about the cold chicken and the ham?" said Huntington.

"Plenty on board," replied Miss Loveday, "and we can heat it, too."

"Yes, you can heat it, but for heaven's sake, don't light anything," said the professor, looking at the drawer that contained the radium. "Eating cold chicken in this altitude," observed the professor, "might not be good for digestion," and immediately the cold chicken was steaming hot.

Miss Loveday arranged the supper table quite elaborately, even a bouquet of roses, presented to her before leaving Bermuda, adorned the center of the small table, and all merrily partook of the home like repast.

"When shall we arrive in Peking?" Huntington inquired of the engineer.

"I have figured it out, sir, about noon in Peking, midnight in Bermuda, but we may spend some time in alighting. When we come within 300 miles of the Chinese capital I shall descend into the gravitation limit, so we, or I should say the earth, will apparently slow up or carry us



with it. As we are now 100 miles south of Peking we will have to use our stern propeller and sail a little northward for a while, but I have planned to reach Peking between noon and 1 o'clock."

The professor was listening attentively to the engineer's statement.

"How will he get down to gravitation and out of space?" remarked the professor to himself. "Easier said than done. He will soon discover that without me he is literally stranded in space."

They were viewing islands south of Japan.

"I can identify the place by the chart," said Huntington. "We will soon be near the Chinese coast."

"What a lot of land there is in Asia," remarked Miss Loveday to the engineer, who was assisting her in putting away the dishes.

"Yes, and no doubt there are many hundreds of miles of almost unexplored land. It is a vast Empire, China."

"What has become of the night?" inquired Miss Loveday of Carbonel.

"Night, what do we want with night?" said Carbonel. "The sun has been with us. He is a good traveling companion in cool weather," said Carbonel, laughing. "Why, my dear made-



moiselle, the earth is turning eastward. When it is night in the Bermudas it is daytime in India and China. The earth is almost half-way around on its axis, although we have been up in space less than eleven hours."

As the hours wore on and the world flew under them, Engineer Wilson announced that they were within 300 miles of Peking, China. Carbonel appeared to be in earnest conversation with Professor Childs. The professor shook his head. "The spiral screw," he said, "will have no effect, I am afraid." Carbonel's face blanched. "No effect! Mon Dieu! What do you mean?"

"I mean that space being so light, the tread of the big spiral screw will not take hold, there being absolutely no resistance. It will be like trying to attach a board to water with screws."

"What shall we do then?" exclaimed Carbonel, earnestly, his features wearing an anxious expression.

The professor said, "Is that the only thing, Carbonel, you have not thought of?"

"I am afraid we are lost," said Carbonel, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon Childs. "How was



it the spiral screw brought us out of the atmospheric limit?" continued Carbonel.

"I have compressed air, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and other gases in that steel strong box there," said Childs, pointing to a huge steel, oval-shaped structure in the corner of the large car, "sufficient to run us in all kinds of atmosphere for a week."

"You said the limit of gravitation was ten miles."

"Nonsense, man, it is forty miles, but at ten miles this airship, ponderous as it appears, does not weigh in one sense more than a few pounds. I have detracted certain elements from this rarefied atmosphere which caused the earth to lose its attractive power."

Carbonel watched the air wizard's face. There was not a trace of apprehension or fear in it. Perfectly composed, he continued, "Then we are surrounded by an atmosphere which defies gravitation."

Childs' remarks quieted Carbonel and he turned aside and shook his head gravely. "What next!" he said. "What next!"

"Ah," replied the professor, "every man to his own. You are a skilled aeronaut, none better.



I am trying to study the atmosphere. The propeller held and sent us up where we are and can bring us down."

"Yes," said Carbonel, "I noticed how slowly we went the last mile."

"When once outside the limit of atmosphere the spiral screw or propeller had no effect because I added too much of one kind of gas. Didn't you notice that?"

"Why had you not thought of this thing before?" demanded Carbonel. "Perhaps I had," remarked the professor coldly, "but I never had a chance to experiment in space before. I believe I can save the ship, but so far it is an experiment only."

"Mon Dieu! an experiment only!" said Carbonel, his face again turning pale. "Unless we can descend at once," said Carbonel, "we will be far beyond our destination."

"Yes, certainly," continued the professor, smiling, "for in twelve hours or so more we will be back in the Bermuda Islands again."

"It is no laughing matter," said Carbonel rather angrily.

Childs stroked his chin as if in deep thought. "Why should you, a man of such experience, feel



uneasy up here?" he said calmly in reply to Carbonel. "You asked me why I had not thought of this before. I will answer you quickly, as time is being wasted in this discussion. Kindly assist me," requesting Carbonel to unfold a long rubber hose from a box. "I take it," said the professor, "that if I could sustain life in this cab for nearly twelve hours as I have done at over ten miles up, I can change space into atmosphere in a few minutes by the same process. Do you know I have also kept the machinery working?"

The hose was inserted through a slight aperture in the roof, and a powerful hydrogenated and oxygenized current of atmosphere forced through the tube from Childs' wonderful condenser. "Now watch the results," said Childs. Carbonel stood amazed. "Nelson, reverse your engine and put on full power and be quick about it," ordered the professor, "but reverse again quickly at my signal." Wilson went to aid the motorman. The great spiral propeller commenced to revolve slowly at first. It made no change in the altitude. Then swifter went the spiral screw, and in a few seconds the airship descended, slightly at first, then rapidly.



"In less than half an hour we will be within the limit of the atmosphere and the gravitation of the earth," said Childs. Then, as I said, reverse again quickly or we will drop to earth."

"You are indeed a most marvelous man," said Carbonel, the color coming back to his blanched cheeks. Huntington and Miss Loveday, apparently unconscious of what was going on, were studying over the map of China.

J. V. Huntington was a retired millionaire hunting for excitement, and willing to experiment. He was a fine looking bronzed-faced bachelor of middle age, and being of a singularly hazardous disposition, he never permitted himself to foresee any danger. He had arranged six comfortable sleeping berths in the car, which were fashioned after the plan of the latest improved sleeping car. He was willing to remain in space a week. He believed implicitly in the ability of Professor Childs and if the professor had told him that he could change the course of the sun, he would have taken a chance on the professor's ability to do something of the sort. He never worried about the effect of space, atmosphere nor any other trivial thing. He left all



that part of this dangerous experiment to the professor.

When Carbonel was assured that the airship was not over one mile from the surface of the earth, he requested the engineer to reduce the revolutions of the spiral propeller, which was now being operated to sustain them in the air, and start up the two side and stern propellers and attended himself personally to the steering gear.

"We are now not over 150 miles from Peking," said the engineer, "and with the stern and side propellers working, sir, we can make the city in less than three hours."

Carbonel nodded his head in reply. As they steered their course towards the Chinese capital they could discern numerous natives watching them. The thought then came to Professor Childs that it might cause some commotion and perhaps be dangerous to alight inside the walls of the capital, and after consulting with Carbonel and Huntington they decided to alight in the suburbs of the city. Carbonel, who had frequently visited China and spoke the language slightly, threw out over the heads of the villagers several notifications written upon cards sealed in



envelopes and addressed to the "Chief or Prefect of Police or to whom it might interest," which read in Chinese as follows: "We are a party of aeronauts who have sailed from the Bermuda Islands and hope our landing will meet with no opposition, and pray that we will not be subject to any annoyance from the citizens. We all have passports and will present them in due time. We will land in the open country west of Peking."

The news spread like wildfire that an airship was approaching from the east and the house-tops, streets, gardens and available open spaces were thronged with wondering natives. The Prefect of Police in Peking was soon made aware of the aerial messages, many copies of which had been dropped from the airship. He ordered a company of soldiers to proceed immediately to the western limits of the city and instructed them to afford ample protection to the aeronauts.

The white walls of the capital could easily be discerned as the "Bermuda" descended slowly but gracefully. The big spiral propeller whirled around incessantly and kept the ship above the earth's surface until a suitable place was picked out by Carbonel. A large, level area surrounded partially by shrubbery was the place selected.



"It is either a ball park or a race track," said Huntington.

"No," said Carbonel, "I should say it is a place for military drill. There are no grand stands near it."

Thousands of natives came flocking to the place. They ran in droves and their jabbering could be heard distinctly as the great airship slowly descended with the skillful Carbonel at the wheel.

"Landed and safe," said Carbonel. "Shut off your power, Mr. Wilson. We are here at last."

Miss Loveday and Huntington started to cheer and it was taken up and echoed by the approaching multitude.

"The first thing I will do," said Miss Loveday, "is to wire our arrival to my dear old father, for he will be anxiously awaiting news respecting our safety."

"Good child," said Huntington. "I like you for that. I will cable the message for you."

The soldiers drove the populace out of the small plot of land around which the engineer and motorman had stretched a rope, having engaged the services of several Chinese coolies to hold the line intact. It was precisely 2 P. M.



when the "Bermuda," like a monstrous bird, had settled down upon the level spot outside the western wall of the Chinese capital, and in less than two hours all except the engineer and motorman, who remained in charge of the airship, were enjoying a hearty repast in the spacious dining room of the American Embassy, in presence of several of the nobility of China and many consuls and ministers of England, United States and other countries. Miss Loveday immediately became a heroine and received the congratulations of the assemblage.

"What shall we do?" she asked Huntington. "I have no dresses with me."

"Today we will be occupied," he replied, "but tonight I will set two dozen Chinese tailors to work and by noon tomorrow you will be fitted out sumptuously with half a dozen togs."

Miss Loveday laughed heartily at the idea. "I like men," she said, "they are always so comforting."

"Why, these Chinese tailors," said Huntington, "can copy any dress you have without taking your measure, and fit you precisely the same or perhaps better than any American tailor after a long study and six refits. Never mind the



styles. The American minister's wife said they have all kinds of styles here. The traveling dress you have on if copied perfectly will answer the purpose. You can have several made of different textures."

At first the assemblage at the Embassy could not comprehend the extent of the aerial flight, and were utterly dumfounded when it was discovered that the entire trip from Bermuda to Peking was made in less than fourteen hours. They crowded around Carbonel and Professor Childs, asking numerous questions and respectfully demanding explanations, while Huntington and Miss Loveday were busy discussing the wonderful countries over which they had passed or which had passed under them.

"Through space to China in fourteen hours," exclaimed the American minister.

"Not at all, my dear sir," answered Carbonel. "We have been stationary for twelve hours in space. The world merely moved easterly and brought you all to us. We only sailed upward and downward, except when we tacked up to Peking."

"Incomprehensible, simply marvelous, a most unheard of enterprise. Apparently a prodigious



impossibility," were exclamations often heard during the reception hour.

"I am tired of all this fuss and adoration," whispered Huntington to Miss Loveday. "Let us break away and see the city. I have talked myself hoarse explaining the trip over and over again. Let us get out of this."

Leaving the professor and Carbonel in the midst of an inquisitive group of admirers, Huntington and Miss Loveday hurriedly stole away and taking a small Chinese victoria drove about the imperial city. Not being identified as occupants of the airship they passed a pleasant afternoon together, Huntington little dreaming that the press of the entire universe would next day be sounding his praises as the greatest aeroplane operator and inventor of the age.

"You will never get any rest hereafter," said Miss Loveday compassionately. "You will be interviewed by reporters, written up in magazines, entertained by scientists and likely by all the crowned heads of Europe. Yes, your fame is today known all over the civilized world."

"Pshaw!" answered Huntington, "who cares a rap for that. If you are satisfied, my dear young



lady, let it go at that. I think you are better than a dozen crowned heads."

"Now look out!" she replied, "you had better wait until you see my new Chinese hat and dresses."

"When we have seen Peking, we will jog along to Tokio, Japan," said Huntington. "It is not on our line of travel, but we can reach it by the older and slower method in ten hours."

"It is only twelve hundred miles, I noticed by the chart before leaving the airship," she replied. But she continued looking up earnestly into Huntington's face. "Please do not go beyond the limit of atmosphere again."

"Why not?" said Huntington, smiling.

"You never realized the danger. I did. I overheard Carbonel and Childs discussing the predicament we were in. It made my heart beat, but I said nothing. Did you notice how difficult it was for me to appear unconcerned? Suppose Professor Childs should expire of heart disease when we were up in the sky? He is an old man."

"Then," said Huntington, laughing, "we would float away in space forever."

"Promise me," said Leonora determinately,



"you will never go beyond the limitation of gravitation again."

"Will you not return as we came?" he asked.

"I will let you know when I receive an answer to my cable from father."

They reached the telegraph office. The answer had been received and interpreted. It read: "Your father died this morning." Miss Loveday leaned against the counter, her eyes filling with tears. "Oh, I should not have gone! I should not have gone!" she repeated. "The anxiety has killed him."

Huntington placed his hand gently upon her shoulder and said, "Poor child, I am very sorry. What can I do?" She held her head down and wept bitterly. Huntington tried to comfort her.

Carbonel, Childs, Wilson and Nelson were to navigate the airship to Tokio, and there they were to await Huntington and Miss Loveday, who were to make the journey by rail and steamer via Korea.

"Of course I am a venturesome girl or I could never have taken this trip. What shall I do? Go back to my home in Chicago, or travel about as you propose, sight-seeing indefinitely? My poor father, no doubt, has left me ample means."



Huntington replied, "I never thought of the propriety of the situation. Hundreds of young American girls travel in Europe and Asia alone. I am willing, for your sake, to do anything you propose. We can reach Washington in twelve hours with the airship, and you can take the Century Limited to Chicago in eighteen hours, however, not probably in time for the funeral, and now I think Carbonel and the others have already started for Tokio. I am nonplussed as to what to do. I will engage a lady chaperon for you. Lord help us," said Huntington, "don't worry any more. While in China we can travel with the first American or English family we run across."

"I really do not know what course to pursue," she replied.

"Suppose," said Huntington, "we leave it this way for the present. We will journey to Yokohama, which is near Tokio, by the first ship that sails for that port. I will cable Carbonel to hold the airship at Tokio until further advices. So there now, be a good girl and wipe that last tear from your eye, because I can't bear to see you perplexed. It will be entirely the proper thing for you to be with the English family we met this



morning, and they go with us as far as Nagasaki. It is only a day's run by rail from that point to Tokio. Say no more about it."

Leonora thought a minute. "I have decided not to return to Chicago, come what will."

The Merriweather family were at the Oriental Hotel, and having heard of the wonderful trip by Miss Loveday they were delighted, at Huntington's suggestion, to permit her to accompany them to Nagasaki. Huntington and Judge Merriweather soon became fast friends, and Mrs. Merriweather and her two daughters, Janet and Dorothy, soon fell quite in love with Leonora, the name by which she shall hereafter be known.



## CHAPTER II

LEONORA had at first decided that unless she could meet with some Americans in Tokio she would there await a returning ship to San Francisco, but Huntington had been so courteous and kind that she decided that there would be no impropriety in taking an extensive trip as proposed through Japan.

"I have no father, now," she said, "no relatives. I have always longed to see Japan, and why not avail myself of this opportunity?"

As she thus ruminated on the bow of the small steamer from Fusan, Korea, they were entering the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. Ships of all nations were flying their flags. It was an animated scene. Her friends were below attending to their luggage. Huntington came and sat beside her.

"Miss Leonora," he said, "may I call you that?"

She laughed and nodded consent.

"The Merriweathers are to reside here, as you know. The Judge is to hold a position under the English Government. Shall we journey on to Yokohama together?"



"I certainly do not want to travel alone," she replied smiling.

"Oh, I suppose I shall have to be your guardian sooner or later, so let it be understood right now that I am your protector, your big brother, your guide, your agent, your ticket purchaser, your defender, in case of argument with officials, or any like office you may prescribe for me."

Leonora merely nodded her head and watched the numerous vessels in the harbor as they floated by.

"How do you like the suits the Chinese tailors made?" asked Huntington, as they were enjoying a cup of tea together.

"They fit perfectly," replied Leonora.

"Even if they don't," said Huntington, "they will do for the jinrikishas."

"Then you propose to travel through the country," replied Leonora seriously.

"Yes, we will."

Leonora thought a minute.

"Perhaps we may meet with other tourists on the way."

"Now," said Huntington, "please don't disturb yourself over that phase of it. We certainly



will meet travelers wherever we go like the Merriweathers, and when we don't—"

"Yes; when we don't?" Leonora replied, interrupting him.

"Well," said Huntington with a sigh, "what a terrible calamity it is for a man to have a young lady on his hands alone in a far away country."

Leonora laughed, and, putting her red parasol between them, replied, "I am not the least bit afraid of you."

"You needn't be. When we arrive at the hotel I will secure the services of a guide, and the captain of this boat says we can get an experienced Japanese maid to attend you while traveling who can speak the English language."

"Oh, that is splendid," said Leonora, "that is just the thing; I am happy now."

When Leonora went into the cabin to arrange her small parcels Huntington lit a cigar and as the ship approached the anchorage, ruminating, he said, "That girl is the sweetest, most amiable and loveable being I have met in all my travels; she is a thoroughbred. You can just bet, old Huntington, you are to be her protector, and her protector in all that the name implies; such a brave thing she is," and a tear stole down his



sun-tanned cheek for the first time in a quarter of a century.

Leonora admired Huntington; she saw in him a remarkable specimen of venturesome and enthusiastic manhood. He had been exceedingly kind and generous to her ever since they left Bermuda. Her every little demand or wish had been gratified. She admired such a nature, and the fact that he had produced an aeroplane that out-distanced anything of the kind ever thought of increased her admiration for him. Being a young woman of keen perception, she comprehended his noble character and trusted him implicitly from the hour they had met in Bermuda. So the situation was bearable after all.

Huntington had invited the Merriweathers to dine with them that evening at the leading hotel in Nagasaki, and Mrs. Merriweather had gone with Leonora in search of the Japanese maid who could speak English.

Leonora, dressed in a white silk dress recently fitted by the Peking tailors, and, with her dark brown hair decorated appropriately with roses, was indeed charming, and Huntington, not being blind, was very proud of her.



After dinner he invited the party to a Japanese theatrical performance, and next morning they bade good-bye to the Merriweathers. Learning that the "Empress of Japan," of the Canadian Pacific line, would call at Nagasaki at noon, Huntington secured passage to Yokohama, as he desired that Leonora should view the inland sea by daylight.

The scenery was a compromise between the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, the Islands of the Georgian Bay, the Rhine and the Hudson. Leonora was delighted and wished the day would never end. The calm and beautiful blue water, the purple mountains in the distance, the green and sometimes sandy shore, the neat little odd-shaped dwellings of various hues and colors, and the numerous sampans and odd sailing craft met with made a vision of beauty which once witnessed can never be forgotten.

"Are you happy, my dear little girl?" asked Huntington as they sat on the deck of the swift Canadian ship, which seemed to fly past the numerous islands of the famous Inland Sea.

Katusha, the little Japanese maid, was sitting near by embroidering. Leonora never answered



verbally, but a smile and gentle nod assured Huntington that an answer to his inquiry was unnecessary.

"It not this the most beautiful trip in the world?" she asked.

"It is said that in sunshiny, pleasant weather it is unsurpassed," replied Huntington, "and I was thinking this morning that the silk dress, one of those the Peking tailors made for you, was a stunner.

"Why should your thoughts run on such a subject?" replied Leonora, laughing. "Men don't usually notice such things."

"Because you looked like a dream in it."

"Oh, it is not half so pretty as this view. Come and sit here and see it. Katusha, you notice, is used to such scenery, she never looks up from her embroidery. Katusha learned embroidering in the American Mission School, and is making a colored lace collar which she intends to give me."

They were coming into the harbor of Yokohama. Fujiyama in the distance loomed up in the azure sky like a beautiful cloud. During the trip on the Canadian ship Huntington had not made his identity known, although the daily



theme among the passengers was the new wonderful airship that had arrived at Tokio, having come from Bermuda in such a short space of time. Wireless messages had been received on board ship containing information of the elaborate reception accorded to the occupants of the airship, who had alighted in Ueno Park, Tokio, and who were that day to be the guests of the Mikado, to whom they were to explain the wonderful airship and the trip from the Bermudas. Almost the entire population of Tokio and Yokohama, these cities being only a few miles apart, had visited the airship during the day and night, and nothing had occasioned so much excitement since the days of the Russian war. Leonora was exceedingly pleased at the news, but Huntington appeared quite indifferent.

"I would sooner be alone here on the deck with you, little girl, than to be feasted by all the crowned heads of Europe and presidents of Republics."

Leonora changed the conversation. "Do you think I can make Katusha understand what the airship is like?"

"We will take her with us," said Huntington, "when we sail again."



"Look out, now, sir; I have not said you could go up again," replied Leonora, looking earnestly into Huntington's ruddy face.

Huntington was happy, but made no answer. When a wise man feels that a pretty woman is slightly interested in his welfare, he prefers at the time not to enter into any further explanation or argument or to ask any foolish questions, so he ordered the deck steward to bring some cake and tea for all, including Katusha.

Leonora's remark, however, pleased him wonderfully well.

"The sweetest thing on earth," he said, aside, as Leonora passed him a cup of steaming hot tea from an odd-shaped little Japanese teapot, and added a very square lump of white sugar.

A suite of rooms had been engaged at the Imperial Hotel, Tokio, for Leonora and maid, and Huntington remained in Yokohama one day to see the American Consul to arrange a trip through Japan and have their passports vised. The meeting next morning of Carbonel, Childs, the engineer and motorman, with Huntington and Leonora was like a family reunion. All had plenty of news to relate and it was far into the night in a small club room in the Imperial be-



fore they separated. It was decided by the authorities to permit the airship to rest in Ueno Park, which decision greatly pleased the citizens and the park superintendent, as it gave visitors to this beautiful place an additional pleasure. The engineer and motorman remained in charge daily to explain to the people the workings of the machinery and the construction of this creature of science. The Mikado himself, together with several members of his court, and family, also many members of Parliament, honored them by a personal visit, and Admiral Yamato, a member of his cabinet who spoke English fluently and was well versed in machinery, interpreted the statements made by Wilson, the engineer, and Carbonel. Childs also explained many interesting features of the airship. Huntington and Leonora were also the recipients of many courtesies, and the Empress presented Leonora with a beautiful string of pearls, saying, in Japanese, "You are a brave girl and a good representative of the fair sex of your wonderfully enterprising country."

"How long may the 'Bermuda' remain in the park?" asked Carbonel of the official in charge.



"A year, should you honor us with so long a visit," the official answered.

It was decided, therefore, that Carbonel and Childs should go to Manila for two months, Childs having a son who was an officer in an American regiment there, and Carbonel was interested in a plantation his uncle had bequeathed to his family.



### CHAPTER III

**H**UNTINGTON and Leonora had fully decided to take Katusha and travel by jinrikishas through Japan. Carbonel, Childs and the others were to meet them in Tokio in three months. They had not ascended over two miles high on their trip to Tokio in the airship. Leonora, ever since she overheard the conversation between Childs and Carbonel, had lost her venturesome spirit and decided never to ascend again, but she also admitted to herself that circumstances might change her determination. She had told Huntington afterwards that when Childs and Carbonel talked together she had overheard every word they said, but had decided at the time not to spread the alarm and not to tell Huntington, so she studied the map of China with Huntington, while her ears were open towards the scientists. The more Huntington thought of Leonora and her many clever characteristics the more he became satisfied she was a young woman of great attainments.

“She would not alarm me, the wise little sor-



ceress," he exclaimed. "Oh, she is everything to me."

Then he thought of all the promises he had made during his eventful career never to fall in love with a woman and never to marry. Promises he had faithfully kept. Thus ruminating he said, "Perhaps all this interest in Leonora will lead to trouble; it usually does. Oh, I won't marry anyone," he said determinately, "and that is the end of it. I will only be friendly to this orphan child; I want some one in my life to cheer it. Leonora shall be my dear little friend only! only! only!"

He was in an easy chair in his bedroom, and after the last only, dozed into unconsciousness. In a few minutes a gentle knock was heard at his door and Katusha appeared.

"Misse ready go lunch; she gone down."

Huntington awoke. Donning his coat, he found himself with eyes half open hurrying down the stairs of the Imperial towards the dining room.

"I never jumped out of my chair like that before," he said, "at the call of a woman."

As he neared the door of the dining room



he remarked to himself, "Oh, I see I shall have to stop all this; I am getting silly."

Katusha had engaged four of the fleetest footed jinrikisha men to be found and one for herself, and the two big valises which were being firmly strapped to Katusha's vehicle. They all started with a rush towards Yokahama. Huntington's men took the lead and tried to outrun Leonora's and Katusha's, but found their match, for the little brown muscular men with their steel-like legs all trotted apace and never seemed to weary. When they had gone a dozen miles, however, Huntington ordered a halt and a rest and insisted that they should change men.

After a run by train up to Nikko to see the magnificent temples, a couple of days at Yokahama, sightseeing and sailing on the bay, they were off on their long jaunt.

"The first stop of importance," said Huntington, "after leaving Yokahama will be Kamakura. We must see the great bronze image of Daibutsu."

As they passed along the avenue leading to the great image the jinrikisha men stopped under a large tree.

"Icho tree," said one.



"A thousand years old," said another.

"See great big tree," and all held up their hands.

Leonora was dumbfounded at the size of the image.

Huntington, though often having read accounts of this marvelous study in bronze, was also surprised, the height being 50 feet and the circumference fully 100. The eyes of the great figure are pure gold. It was cast in sections, then brazed together and finished off on the outside by chisels. It is said one hundred men could crowd inside the immense body.

"It is one of the marvels of the world," said Huntington.

"What a calm expression there is on the face," observed Leonora.

"Yes," replied Huntington; "it is said no Japanese god, image or figure conveys such an expression of majesty. The intellectual calm you have noticed is supposed to come from perfect knowledge."

"It is a grand picture resting in the trees. Oh, how glad I am that we stopped here," said Leonora enthusiastically.

The little Jap men stood at the base of the



immense figure to show by comparison its wonderful size.

"We will have lunch at the Japanese inn 'Mitsubishi.' My boys say 'good place,' 'any kind dinner you want.'"

"Hurrah for something to eat," said Leonora. "The ride has given me quite an appetite."

After dinner they renewed their journey. The air was bracing and the sun was shining through the trees.

"Now," said Huntington, "if these little men persist they can run off a few miles before evening." To which proposition Leonora gladly consented.

On the wayside along the frequented roads of Japan jinrikisha men can be found at every village or stopping place. They drop into the shafts while the others return with tourists headed in the other direction.

"Ten miles for a man to run at one time is enough, so we will string out our trip and make not more than ten miles in any one day. We will find plenty of stopping places on the way."

When Katusha explained this to them, the Jap runners laughed and made fun.

"Easy, easy," they said; "too easy. Twenty



miles a day little enough; get too fat," said one, who was one mass of muscle, as he grinned displaying his white teeth. "Me run thirty miles a day easy."

"Never mind," said Huntington, "let us start out on short trips. You will have two or more months of it, not get very fat I assure you."

Huntington weighed over 200 pounds, Leonora 120, and Katusha 86, so Huntington hit upon a plan which greatly amused the runners. Leonora and Katusha rode together, and the extra jinrikisha contained the two valises, Katusha's box and one Jap runner. They had taken five runners with them. Whenever one seemed slightly heated or lagged a little he was put in the extra jinrikisha with a rug around his shoulders and given a cup of tea. For the first few miles the Japs enjoyed this heartily, making continual fun of the runner in the extra jinrikisha, whom they termed "tourist."

"This is simply delightful and nothing could be more interesting," said Leonora. "I have always longed to ride through Japan in a jinrikisha," she exclaimed as they passed through the pretty flower perfumed villages with their green trees and luxuriant grass and shrubbery. They



had started out in a southwesterly direction, so as to secure a good view of the famous mountain Fuji-Yama. The artistic little villa residences of the natives were seen peeping out behind the trees. Off in the distance their eyes never tired looking at Fuji-Yama, a snowclad peak, resting away up in the azure sky, usually separated from the earth by a mist and known by the natives as "Sky Mountain." The days indeed were delightful. The spring was now well advanced and the cherry blossoms and numerous flowers perfumed the highway and brightened their journey. Leonora was as happy as a young bird. She sang frequently and amused herself teaching Katusha snatches of American songs and to speak better English.

The jinrikisha men climbed the hills apparently without exertion and trotted along the country road perfectly satisfied with little extra tips provided by Huntington for every difficult mountain climb made during the day. The "tourist" always took a hand when ascending a steep incline, and made himself a leader. He placed around his shoulders a strap attached to a long rope and pulled on both Huntington and Leonora's jinrikishas, which aided all the men



to pull in unison. At the summit of the heavy incline the "tourist," one mass of perspiration from his over exertion, would again enter the jinrikisha to rest. It was noticed that during the race up the steep hills and mountains he pulled extra hard, so as to gain the good will of the other men. When they arrived at Numazu on the Suruga Bay they rested an entire day, as from this point a grand view of Fuji-Yama could be had. At Okitsu on the coast they stopped for lunch in a little wayside tea house out of the line of travel. The Jap women served them raw fish with pepper and salt, but Huntington and Leonora could not eat it. The little Jap women were surprised. They told Katusha to say that the fish had just been caught. In looking about, however, a small gas stove was discovered and a queer looking frying pan and Leonora soon had several fish frying in the pan, nicely browned, and added French fried potatoes and celery. The Jap women laughed as they watched Huntington and Leonora eat the fried fish.

"Have some?" asked Huntington, putting a piece of fish on the end of his fork and presenting it to a pretty little Jap girl. She shook her head, laughed and held her fingers to her nose,



then shaking her head made a wry face. At Shizouka, a city, they remained three days examining lacquer ware. The air from the Japan sea being to their taste, they journeyed along the coast to Hamamatsu, then followed the coast for a while till they journeyed northwest to Nagoya.

Small cottages along the mountain sides with their tiny flower gardens attracted Leonora and they rested one night in a most singularly picturesque little bamboo cottage along the wayside. Here Katusha taught Leonora the Japanese names of all the flowers in the garden.

As they chased through the beautiful valleys and climbed the mountains, wandering down into the interior of Japan, they viewed the real life of the natives in all their picturesque simplicity. They passed through old cities now building up with modern factories and making rapid strides in a commercial way. Numerous towns and villages along the route also appeared to be new, thrifty and enterprising. The jinrikisha men, well fed and contented, owing to what seemed to them the unlimited hospitality displayed by Huntington, longed to proceed more rapidly and display their agility. Leonora delighted in hearing Katusha tell the strange



stories of the fairy side of the charming countries they passed through day after day, glean- ing and gaining more knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the little sunny people from Katusha than she could have from the guide book.

"At Nagoya," said Huntington, "we will stay for a few days. Here, my young lady, you will find a flourishing commercial city, where we can buy the most beautiful fans in the world and the choicest cloisonne. We can get a lot of them and carry them in one of our valises; they are very small. Then we must see the castle and other interesting places. It will also give the jinrikisha men a good rest. They have bazaars, peep shows, story tellers on the street, queerest theatres in the world and everything that a live Japanese town possesses. Saco, one of my boys, said with a grin the other day when we talked about Nagoya, 'Have much fun in Nagoya.' "

"We will take it all in," replied Leonora, laughing. "Katusha has been telling me all about the lovely fans and vases."

It was a delightful change when the little brown men whirled them up the flower lined drives to the entrance of the Shinashu, also



known as the "Hotel du progress," after the numerous little inns they had encountered on their trip. Leonora and Katusha were soon shown to beautiful apartments and a change of suits appeared a blessing, for the last few miles were rather dusty. Katusha put on her new kimono with an embroidered crest representing her family heraldry on the back thereof. Leonora appeared at dinner in one of her Chinese tailor made suits of white serge.

"I like a city," said Huntington.

"Yes, but those who live in a city always enjoy the country," said Leonora, smiling.

They spent several interesting days in Nagoya and found the city progressive and far in advance of many towns they had passed through.

Leaving Nagoya the Jap runners begged to be permitted to make better time. "All right," said Huntington, "as the roads are level, you can trot along as fast as you like for a time."

"It is only a short run to Gifu, and I would like to see fishermen catch fish with cormorants."

"Nonsense," said Leonora, "fish with birds?"

Arriving at Gifu the Japanese runners, having made the eighteen miles in less than five hours, Huntington at times objecting to their



long run, but they claimed they had a good rest at Nagoya and could make thirty miles that day easily.

Another trip to the Tamagawa and they witnessed an interesting spectacle. Two cormorants are kept at the ferry house at Sekido and Huntington engaged the birds and the fisherman to perform. Strings were tied to the birds and the fisherman waited about to relieve them of their prey. The fish usually caught were small and sometimes so small that Leonora and Katusha were greatly amused as the fisherman passed the little minnows caught by the cormorants and handed them over to Huntington.

From Gifu they traveled on to Lake Biwa, stopping at little inns along the beautiful lake and enjoying the visits in the cottages of the simple inhabitants, the scenery at all times being ever changing and interesting. They hated to leave beautiful and picturesque Lake Biwa. At last they arrived at Kyoto, the former capital of Japan, and here they discovered the people were more primitive and childlike than those living in the treaty ports and the new capital, Tokio. Here were the ancient palaces, now deserted, and remnants of bygone ancestral buildings, almost



toppling over with age. This was old Japan. in Tokio, Yokahama, Nagoya and Nagasaki they had found new ideas, cities in a higher state of development and advancement. These represented modern Japan.

Days and weeks had passed tranquilly until one day Huntington, after consulting a small calendar, remarked "Time is up, and we must return to Tokio. I will settle with all the jinrikisha men in the morning and we will take the train back to Tokio."

The ride on the new railway coaches from Kyoto to Tokio was exceedingly enjoyable and Leonora listened attentively to Katusha, who explained to her the condition of the various countries through which they passed, Katusha having acquired considerable knowledge in the native school.



## CHAPTER IV

**I**T WAS a bright sunny day when the big airship, which since their departure had been stationed in Ueno Park, Tokio, was about to get under way. A vast crowd had assembled. Huntington had thought of proposing to Leonora to return to America by steamship, leaving the others to care for the Bermuda, but a slight episode changed his mind. As Leonora, Childs, Carbonel and Huntington were dining together at the Imperial Hotel, Carbonel had stated that a cable had arrived from Manila, giving the information that a fearful commercial panic had started in the New York stock market and was spreading over the United States like a prairie fire. That many large firms and corporations believed to have been impregnable financially had failed and numerous banks supposed to be thoroughly solvent had been compelled to close their doors, and notwithstanding the fact that the government had issued millions upon millions to loan the national banks to tide them over, they were unable to avert the panic, and the entire country was in a state of unrest and tremendous losses were of daily occurrence.



Stocks and bonds had depreciated beyond all expectation and the bottom had fallen out of all securities. The hot air millionaires who had been living high on paper equities, questionable margins and vapor like ideas of their own financial significance, had found themselves worse off than paupers, because they had up to date been pampered and well fed. Huntington had by chance overheard a little remark made at the table by Leonora which pleased him more than the news of the panic dismayed him. Carbonel, sitting next to Leonora, had asked her if she would dare another trip in the airship and she replied, laughing, "I would fly to Mars or to the moon if it were possible if Mr. Huntington insisted I should go."

This casual remark sent a thrill of joy through Huntington's heart, and his scheme for sending Leonora home by the water route was immediately abandoned.

"Mademoiselle, you are indeed brave; I admire your courage. At most an aeronaut can be killed but once," the famous aeronaut replied.

"Then I suppose we shall all return together. This time we cross the great Atlantic, or I should



say the Atlantic will pass under us like a great flying cloud of blue and green."

While Huntington sat opposite, he was ruminating about Leonora's remark.

"What care I," he said to himself, "if all my possessions, stocks, bonds and bank deposits, are gone if I have gained such a creature as Leonora?"

It was a gala day in Tokio when the Bermuda with many flags flying, especially a huge Japanese national flag spread out from the car, and which caused no end of cheering from the multitude, prepared to ascend. Did you ever notice the cheers of the Japanese, or for that matter any other nationality, are similar. Who would know or distinguish them from the cheering of a great American crowd?

Professor Childs had been very reticent all the morning. He believed some one had tampered with his chemicals. Wilson said that such a thing would have been impossible, for he and the motorman had slept in the car every night and when absent they had put reliable policemen, sent from the Imperial Guard, in charge of the car which was never unlocked.

The sky had appeared dark in the south all



the morning, and huge flakes of peculiar leaden colored clouds appeared to be arising from the southwest.

"It is an approaching typhoon," said Carbonel, "but we will soon soar above it."

"I have worked on the machinery of the big spiral propeller all day," said Wilson. "I am sure she will work like she did before, but I notice a peculiar dampness or moisture in the atmosphere, and while I do not desire to cause any alarm, I am afraid the spiral screw is not making over half the revolutions it should."

"Well," said Huntington, "we can go above the storm center anyway."

"Yes, above an ordinary storm," said Carbonel.

"An ordinary storm," remarked Childs, leaning over his huge steel box. "A typhoon is the most treacherous of all windstorms. I do not know how we can make headway against it. If we can get up before it strikes us, all well and good."

Katusha whispered to Leonora, "Typhoon much bad, but Katusha not afraid if Misse not afraid."



"Good girl," said Leonora, patting her on the shoulder. "I will be as brave as possible."

The black clouds seemed to rush toward them at a terrific speed, and they soon found themselves scudding along at a 70-mile pace. "We are going northwesterly," said Carbonel. "We will land in Siberia should we fail to ascend."

The great ship, now a mile high, failed to respond to its rudder and steering gear. Black clouds came nearer and nearer and roared under the car, making a terrifying noise as the wind rattled through the rigging and windows.

"She will not ascend further," said Wilson. "I have full power on and she is drifting, only drifting."

The motorman endeavored to steer, but the whirling wind drove them out of their course.

"We are headed northwest," said Carbonel.

Soon a crash occurred. As the black cloud struck the airship part of one side of the car caved in, and the flying glass cut the faces and hands of the occupants, but did no serious damage. By night they had crossed the Japan Sea and were nearing Siberia.

"Drop to the floor of the car," sang out Carbonel, "drop and hide your faces; we will soon



have other panes smashed in as the typhoon increases. However, it will soon drift out to sea and we are nearing Vladivostok. The typhoon will work northerly and we will soon be out of its grasp."

Carbonel was right. Another smash came. In another hour the black cloud moved northerly and the motor worked more easily. The airship again obeyed the direction of the motorman. Huntington deemed it better to alight away from the sea and repair the car before attempting to continue on their journey upward.

"Well," he said with his usual sangfroid, "we did not get up in time, that's all. We will rest in Siberia a week or two and repair the car."

Carbonel shuddered as he thought of Siberia as a resting place. At one time he had been arrested as a spy, he being then in the employ of the Japanese at the time of the Japanese-Russian war, and was sentenced to work out the balance of his life in the mines of Siberia, but the fact that he was the only experienced aeronaut in Irkutsk, Lake Baikal, saved him. He had been employed by the Japanese to ascertain the number of Russian troops being transported towards Japan, and had made numerous ascen-



sions in gas balloons. He was the only one who could make an ascension satisfactory to the government in this section. He was therefore compelled in fetters to journey to Korea in a large balloon and ascertain the whereabouts of the Japanese troops. Watching his opportunity he chloroformed his guards in the balloon, and cutting his fetters, landed in a small town west of Port Arthur over the Korean line. His Russian guards were soon turned over to the Japanese authorities as prisoners of war and Carbonel was given transportation back to France.

A strange expression crossed Carbonel's face. He said, "I have been in Siberia before."

Believing that there was small chance of his being identified again, he resolved to say nothing about his former exploit to his companions.

A spy against the Russian government is never forgiven, and as Carbonel was a Frenchman and not a Japanese, the settlement between Japan and Russia did not exonerate him. He therefore decided to keep close and say nothing and show himself as little as possible. Their airship after several hours' progress inwardly from the sea alighted at Blagovestchensk, a town on the Amour River about 500 miles northwest of



Vladivostok in the Russian Empire. Numerous citizens of all kinds and conditions surrounded them, watching with curious eyes as the Bermuda sank gently to the solid earth. The place chosen was a small plain near the center of the town, and curious police and officers on horseback were soon collected, demanding the meaning of their singular arrival.

"We came from Mars," said Huntington, slightly annoyed at their persistency.

Carbonel being the only one who understood the Russian language, spoke seldom, answering in monosyllables. He explained that they were on their way to America and had left Peking several weeks prior to their arrival, deeming it best to omit any reference to their visit to Japan, and he said that they had been blown by a tornado over 1,000 miles out of their course. The mayor of the town, after receiving a short explanatory note written by Carbonel and signed by Huntington stating they were Americans, decided to receive them graciously and grant them all the aid in his power in repairing the airship.

Carbonel, togged out in a blue smock borrowed from the motorman, kept himself busy working on the car. One day Wilson noticed



Carbonel turned ashy white while assisting him. Several citizens were looking on while they worked.

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the aeronaut as he caught a glance at the face watching him. "It is Krosnoi, the guard, as I am alive."

Carbonel tried to force the color back to his cheeks. Krosnoi, who appeared old and haggard, merely looked on at the work, apparently never suspecting that before him was the man who had caused him a most miserable existence for weary months in prison, and after which, upon his return at the close of the war, he was additionally punished for permitting Carbonel (under the name of Jean Tobolsky, a supposed Russian) to escape. Krosnoi could never give a reasonable account of Tobolsky's escape, being chloroformed into a helpless condition at the time. He never could understand why his senses had left him, and the Russian general refused to forgive him. Krosnoi had no friendly feeling for his government, but he hated Jean Tobolsky and always looked forward with a dim hope that some day he might meet and destroy him.

Carbonel kept his face away from the careless gaze of Krosnoi as much as possible, and in a



few minutes resumed his work as composedly as ever.

“He certainly cannot recognize me,” said Carbonel, “at the time I wore a full beard, now I am changed so completely. He will not recognize me.”

But hate in the breast of an ignorant and unforgiving Cossack never dies, and for years Krosnoi had carried the image of the Frenchman continually before him. He dreamed of him and whenever he received the sneers and snubs of his fellows, because of his being an ex-convict, he growled like a dog wishing he could only meet that scoundrel Tobolsky again.

It was weeks before the Bermuda's elaborate cabin was repaired. Professor Childs had difficulty in replenishing some of his tanks, as through ignorance of the local apothecaries he was afraid to rely on their aid in making up his wonderful concoction. He was very careful in the gases to be used to adapt space to the requirements of the lungs of his companions and himself.

Carbonel thought at one time it might be better for him to disguise himself and make an attempt to catch some passing boat on the *Amour*



River and get out of the country, knowing that should Krosnoi identify him before the airship was ready to ascend he would be lost. Upon second consideration, however, he decided that by working day and night the Bermuda would soon get under way and they would make their ascent into the clouds and soon be beyond the reach of his enemy.

Delays are always dangerous. Why should this man come again? Was it some peculiar magnetism that drew him to the spot? Every morning now the old bent, gray-haired Krosnoi hobbled over to the small plot of ground to witness the repairs on the airship. He never spoke. He never asked a question. When Carbonel spoke to the Russian carpenters who were employed to help repair the car Krosnoi merely looked up with a wondering gaze, thinking in his dull way, no doubt, it was strange that this American should speak the Russian language.

Again Krosnoi appeared on the scene. It was early morning. This time he moved about so he could catch a glimpse of Carbonel's face. He said nothing, however, and did not appear to trace any resemblance to his former associate in the runaway balloon.



"Why is it," thought Krosnoi, "I am so interested in that man?"

That night he decided to report the incident to the captain in charge of the small company of soldiers stationed at Blagovestchensk, of the peculiar idea he had respecting the man working on the airship.

"How did he learn the Russian language?" he asked the captain. He was the same height and size as the spy who broke away from him during the Japanese war, but he admitted he could not identify him. A full description of the aeronaut would appear in the court records where Tobolsky was tried at Irkutsk, and the captain immediately wrote for the information.

Huntington, Leonora and Katusha passed the time driving about the rough roads in a very peculiar vehicle, but enjoying the quaint customs and manners of the Russian peasants.

Childs was experimenting with his gases and was constructing a peculiar machine to contain a new gas he had invented. It was composed mostly of ether. He believed that should they at any time alight in a country where the natives might prove dangerous or should they settle down in a jungle wherein there were wild beasts



which might attack them, he could set everything within a short range outside of the airship to sleep and thus they could find time to escape.



## CHAPTER V

WHEN the news came back from Irkutsk, a complete description and rude tintype of Carbonel were enclosed and addressed to the captain. Carbonel overheard as he worked remarks which led him to believe that he had been identified. That evening while on his way to meet Huntington, who had sauntered down the street with Leonora and Katusha, he was approached by three soldiers and placed under arrest. Consternation filled the hearts of all except Childs. He said nothing but looked wise.

"What shall we do?" asked Huntington. "I doubt if bail would be accepted, and there is no American consul nearer than 100 miles."

"Remember," said Childs, "Carbonel is a Frenchman, and he was a spy."

"Yes, true enough," replied Huntington, "but we must stand by him; he is one of our party."

Childs signaled Huntington to his side.

Leonora was greatly grieved and wept. "Poor fellow," she said. "Siberia, ugh!" and she shrugged her shoulders at the very thought.

"Now," said Childs, "there is one way to aid Carbonel."



"Probably by paying a large ransom?" asked Huntington.

"I fear not," said Childs. "We might all be arrested for suggesting it. Leave this matter to me," said Childs, peremptorily. "Say nothing and find out where he will be placed in prison."

Huntington noticed as the evening approached a strong guard had been placed in the vicinity of the airship and that they were being carefully guarded. Leonora wanted Huntington to make an attempt to see Carbonel and ascertain fully the charges against him.

Childs objected. "Stay away," he said. "If you do anything inform the captain of the guard as well as you can how he came to be employed to run the airship, simply as a skilled aeronaut; that we knew nothing of his past history, appear as indifferent as possible and say very little."

The guard house or temporary prison in which Carbonel was held was three short blocks from the location of the airship.

"We had better work diligently to get her ready," said Childs, "the sooner the better; delays are dangerous."

"I shall not leave," said Huntington until he



is released. I will fight all I know how legally for him."

"Nonsense," said Childs, "'legally.' Do you know, man, that you are in Russia? What chance have we to protect Carbonel from such a charge, being a spy, and having been convicted also? Now," said Childs, whispering to Huntington, "I have a plan better than fighting 'legally' or any other way. Let Leonora and her maid wander about and ascertain if possible the exact location of the cell in which Carbonel is confined, the kind of bars on the windows, the kind of fetters, if any, the number of guards in the jail, and all the news they can secure without attracting any attention, and let me know."

The next morning Leonora and Katusha drove about in a little cart and soon ascertained the whereabouts of the residence of the keeper of the prison. At the door sat a young girl.

"Good morning," said Leonora, presenting her with the flower she held in her hand. "Do you speak English?"

"A little," the girl said. "I worked for a while in an English family. I was a nurse. It was in Vladivostok."



"Can you come for a ride with us?" asked Leonora.

"I must ask mother first," the girl said.

The mother stood on the small porch eyeing the queer people who came in the balloon, never suspecting their errand. She evidently gave her consent and smiled at Olga. The cart had two seats, and Katusha took one, while Leonora and Olga sat together and talked upon various topics.

"Yes, I am sorry my father had to take the poor man to prison," and the conversation turned on the prisoner in jail.

"He is not a relative?" asked Olga.

"No, no," said Leonora, "he worked for us in the airship, that's all.

"Three men take care of the prisoners," said Olga, innocently. "There are only four in jail now besides the new prisoner. They had handcuffs on at first, but are not chained down or handcuffed now, except one. My father does not like to chain them unless ordered to do so. Mr. Olesky, my father, always locks the door at night and mother always keeps the keys when he is away." And so the young girl innocently told all she knew about her father's occupation and the prisoners in the jail.



Carbonel, when arrested years ago, stood his trial and had been convicted and ordered to Siberia to serve out his sentence. No retrial was necessary, as he had been identified thoroughly by this time by Krosnoi and the captain.

When the news got out that a spy had been caught all the residents seemed to look with disfavor on the aerial visitors.

"Is she ready to start?" Childs inquired of Wilson.

"Quite so," said Wilson; "we can go in ten minutes. I will do as you say," continued Wilson, "Mr. Huntington said you were now in command, and I am at your service."

"Is she ready at a second's notice?" asked Childs. "Ten minutes won't do."

"She is, sir."

"Tonight," said Childs as he was discussing the situation with Huntington, "we must leave with or without Carbonel. I think with him."

"How will you work it?" asked Huntington. "Must we have outside help?"

"No! no! no! They are a treacherous lot," said Childs. "We must keep our plan a dead secret. I will tell you what I propose to do. I want Miss Leonora, if she will, to take this small



casket to the jailer's wife. She will have the keys of the jail after 8 P. M. in her room hanging on a hook behind her bedroom door. Under some pretense she must get face to face with this woman, open the lid of the casket slightly and the woman will immediately lose consciousness. Then she must get the keys, throw them over the wall to Wilson, who will be stationed within a few feet of the house. He, in turn, will hand them to Nelson, who will rush in when the door is open and open the inside jail door. Leonora must then walk out across the vacant lot and around to the airship."

"Perilous undertaking," said Huntington. "I hate to have her try it."

The jailer's little girl that night had been invited out to a small party and Leonora, who was in the good graces of the family, proposed to help her dress.

"They will never suspect," said Leonora, "but I want to know is this drug harmless?"

"Perfectly," said Childs. "In ten minutes she will be as well as she ever was in her life."

Huntington shook his head. "I don't mind trying on any kind of a game you may suggest,



professor, but for Leonora, no, no; it must not be."

"There is no danger," said Childs, quietly.

"Why not?" said Huntington.

"Because I will be there myself," said the professor. "I have arranged tonight to help Olesky, the jail keeper, recharge some batteries. He is inventing a new kind of lamp so he can light the jail by touching a button, and visits the airship while we are working to get my advice quite often."

"I will do it," said Leonora, with a determined expression. "I hope it will not hurt Olga."

Childs shook his head. "I tell you it is positively harmless, but keep your own nose away from the casket. Open it with the top away from you."

Leonora strapped the little casket about her shoulders as if it was a small traveling bag. It was locked and the key was on the outside.

Olesky was pleased and honored at Childs' visit. As Childs left the airship he again inquired earnestly if everything was ready. Wilson and Nelson replied in the affirmative.

"When we return," said Childs, "let her go full power on at my signal."



Leonora, after arranging Olga's dress, to which she added a beautiful ribbon, asked Olga to smell the nice perfume in the casket. She did so and in a few seconds was gently sleeping on a small couch in her room. Mrs. Olesky had just called Olga in to have her show herself. She met Leonora at the door. "See," said Leonora, pointing to the casket which was open. Immediately the woman put her hands before her eyes and staggered to her room, where she sank in her bed perfectly unconscious of her surroundings. Leonora, quick as thought, snatched the heavy ring of keys, threw them over the wall where Wilson stood and, running out through the hallways, passed the room where Childs and Olesky were, opened a small gate, crossed the vacant land and in a very few minutes was back to the airship. She heard a strange murmur from several guards nearby as she unlocked the main entrance of the airship and passed in, her heart palpitating wildly all the while. Leonora found Katusha sitting on the floor of the car hemming a handkerchief. Huntington had waited at the back door of the jailer's house and had followed her stealthily all the way back, but she had not seen him. He held a magazine re-



volver in his hand and had decided at first, if necessary, to drop the man who offered to stop her, but upon second consideration decided it would raise an alarm.

"Safe," he said, as he clasped Leonora in his arms. He closed the door of the airship.

"Now let us watch for results."

"See Katusha," said Leonora, "calm as a summer day."

Childs heard Leonora pass the door in the jailer's house and immediately gave Olesky his dose. The old jailer straightened out and leaning over the bench on which he was sitting was soon in dreamland.

Knowing that Leonora had performed her errand, Childs quickly passed through the jail doors, and as he touched the sleeping guard he sprayed a little of his new concoction on his face which sent him immediately into a deep sleep. Carbonel, Wilson and Nelson were gone and the professor immediately retraced his steps, but came plump into the hands of a bewildered guard, whose duty it was to release the watch at the jail door at that particular hour. Childs touched his hat and raising a paper as if to show the guard, he made a sign for the astonished



man to read, but the fellow reeled over on the ground and his head fell over to one side.

"He is safe now," said the professor. Childs remembering that time was up, ran as fast as his legs would carry him across the vacant lot. Passing another guard, who demanded him to stop, he merely saluted him and held before his face the same paper supposed to be a passport from the captain, but it made no difference to the guard what it was. He sat down on the grass at once and lolled over on his side. Within a minute Childs was within the car of the airship.

"All here?" exclaimed Childs, excitedly. "Let her go!"

Nelson and Wilson turned on full power, but a rush was made for the car by several guards who had been notified not to let the airship depart without the knowledge of the chief-of-police.

"I will fix them," said Childs, throwing out quite an amount of his concoction through one of the open windows of the car.

There was a dead silence. The soldiers sank on their knees in a helpless condition. The big airship creaked and strained. Within twenty



seconds she was nearly out of reach of bullets. A thump was heard as a rifle ball struck the steel bottom of the airship. Then another and another. Huntington jumped to his feet as a pane crashed in.

"I am struck," he said, raising his left arm. True enough, a spent ball had cut the outside tissues of his arm. Leonora quickly bared his arm and, rolling up his sleeve, was about to bandage the wounded spot.

"Not badly hurt," she said. "Oh, I hope and pray you are not badly hurt."

"Get in the middle of the car," said Childs. "We may have some more of this. Keep away from the windows, put on all the power you can."

"We are now over a mile high," said Carbonel. "Thank God, and there is no more danger."

"Why," said Huntington, smiling, "that wound of mine is not worth binding. There is no blood. See how it skimmed along my arm."

Leonora laughed. "It left a red mark and that is all."

"And here is the cause of it," said Carbonel,



picking up a flat piece of lead from the bottom of the car.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Leonora, "we have had so much excitement we certainly do not want to have any one wounded."

"My arm feels merely as though I had been struck with a cane. Even the redness is disappearing. No slings, no splints, I am thankful for that. Siberia will soon be far away, Carbonel, so you can change your thoughts to something else."

"Well," said Leonora to Huntington, "I believe you were always fond of excitement, perhaps you got enough of it this time."

Carbonel was so grateful that it was several hours before he was himself. He thanked them all over and over again for his well planned release. Tears frequently filled his eyes.

"Mon Dieu!" he would say, "such a life. Better dead a hundred times than five years in the mines of Siberia."

"Never mind," said Huntington, "if all goes well by tomorrow we will be in the land of the free, exempt at least from the brutality of a country which seldom distinguishes between guilty and not guilty when a purpose must be served."



## CHAPTER VI

“**I** AM favorably impressed with my new sedative,” said Childs. “I hope they have all fairly recovered by this time.”

“Poor Olga,” said Leonora, “I wonder if she went to the party.”

“Dancing is not always the best thing for young girls,” said the professor dryly. “In ten or fifteen minutes, however, she would be perfectly conscious and unless the excitement about the escape of the airship was too general, Olga may have gone to the party late.”

“I wonder what the papers will say tomorrow?” remarked Huntington.

“They will not say a word,” said Carbonel; “they are mostly socialistic and nihilistic and any comments they might make would be to ridicule the soldiers for permitting Carbonel to escape in the airship. I suppose my old friend Krosnoi is quite unhappy.”

“Let us all forget it,” said Leonora, and she struck up a popular American song in which all but Professor Childs joined. The professor kept on experimenting with his new concoction and



had given Carbonel a very slight whiff of it to quiet his nerves.

“We are too far north,” said Carbonel, “but we are far enough away from the guns of the soldiers, 6,000 miles at least.”

“We must descend to gravitation and work south until we reach the line of New York.”

“Please don’t try any changes now,” said Leonora, “we are happy enough.”

“You know my dear young lady when up as high as we are we only follow one line of latitude and cannot deviate from that line without coming down to a point where the earth commences to attract the air ship. When you made the great trip to San Francisco you could zig-zag with the currents of air or you could guide your air ship by the steering gear. We are now not moving in the least. It does seem difficult to believe this, I know.”

“That suits me,” said Huntington. “I want to stop in New York and see how poor I have become since the panic. Having been up for some time, what provisions have we, landlady?” asked Huntington of Leonora.

“Owing to the sudden and unexpected depart-



ure of the Bermuda," said Leonora, "we have an exceedingly small stock. We have plenty of coffee, tea, sugar and condensed milk, but no fresh reindeer."

"Whew," said Huntington, making a wry mouth. "I am glad of that; I hate reindeer. Any kind of food but reindeer."

"We have apples, cheese, dried prunes, flour for biscuit," continued Leonora, "and the professor always helps me cook them without a fire, you know. We have some Blagovestchensk brown bread which I bought from the little grocery near where we were, but it was very hard."

"Hard?" said Huntington. "Why, you can scarcely cut it with an ax."

"Oh, yes we can, now," said Leonora. "The professor ameliorated the component parts with a touch of something from his new box, and it is as soft as mush. We have pounds of ginger snaps, too, and several pounds of figs."

"But the occupants of the car looked hungry and shook their heads as Leonora ran over the schedule of left-over things, nothing appealed to them.

"Let us alight in a good farming district and



replenish the cupboard," said Huntington. "We can get something to eat."

Carbonel's eyes brightened at the prospect. In the jail he had eaten but a few scraps. His appetite had fled. A future worse than death stared him in the face, and he had contemplated suicide.

China, the Caspian Sea, Turkey in Asia, had within a few hours passed under them and Huntington announced that they were over the Adriatic Sea, nearing Italy.

They descended south of Naples, in a farming district. A fair was in progress and the arrival of the great airship failed to attract much attention. A lively dirigible balloon race had occurred the day previous, Italy having caught the aerial fever.

"Lucky," said Huntington. "I have just told a citizen we came from Rome. He said he wanted a camera view of our craft in the morning, but we will be in New York City soon, so he won't get it."

Leonora at Huntington's request had covered the name "Bermuda" on the car and had concealed all evidence of their rapid trip from Siberia. Fame, however, travels fast, for upon



their arrival at New York the news of the escape of the airship from Siberia had been sent to England and cabled to America.

It was about evening when the great airship alighted in the suburbs of Brooklyn a little over a mile from Coney Island. It consumed considerable time to find a suitable landing. Crowds commenced to gather around them, as thousands from all over that section of the country had witnessed the strange object in the skies. Hundreds struggled for positions immediately surrounding the big airship.

"It is as bad as Peking," said Leonora, while poor little Katusha hid her face and refused to look out, fully expecting guns would be fired at them like in Siberia. When suitable arrangements had been made for the anchorage and care of the ship, Huntington, Leonora and Katusha engaged a taxicab and were soon comfortably lodged at the Waldorf.

"Now," said Huntington to Leonora, "after we have had a good dinner, I want you to meet me in the private parlor and listen to my woes. I will discover what has become of all my stocks, bonds, cash and other assets, swallowed up possibly in the late financial earthquake."



Leonora laughed. "What matters it," she said gaily. "Do you know I have been thinking that we can exhibit the airship in Madison Garden or some such place, and you can make a fortune in a few months."

"It might be like Cook's discovery of the north pole perhaps," said Huntington. "They may not credit our story."

"If they don't, I am sure Mr. Carbonel will not care to return to Russia to prove it," replied Leonora. "But I am really in earnest. Such things have happened before. The public will want to see the great airship and ascertain how it was operated."

"Good girl," said Huntington. "A bright idea, anyway. Now sit here. I am going to telephone Bartlett, my New York stock broker, for the news. Sit near me and brace me up. I need it."

"I want Stephen K. Bartlett, 4210 Central Park."

"Who is it?" asked Bartlett at the other end of the wire.

"Don't you know my voice?" said Huntington.

"Oh, goodness where on earth did you come



from? I have been wiring you all over the world. When did you leave Russia?"

"Never mind," said Huntington, "I am here now at the Waldorf. How is the market?"

"Market? Haven't you heard? Everything is gone to smash. All your securities are down so low that you can scarcely see them with a spy glass."

"Why didn't you sell them?" said Huntington.

"Sell them? Why, man, we could not sell a million dollar bond for a slice of gooseberry pie."

Huntington laughed at the idea. "It is good to hear you laugh, anyway, John. It is brave of you. Well, I might as well tell you. The way the thing looks now as far as I can figure it, you are a ruined man. The banks called in all your loans and your then valuable securities were sold for less than twenty cents on the dollar. I had to let them go. Half the big banks in the country have failed. Only those who held real estate securities are doing business. Many of the railroads are running, but they can hardly pay operating expenses. Stocks and bonds of every class and grade are nearly worthless. Why, there was some talk the other day of temporarily clos-



ing down the hotel you are in, as it is running behind daily. Your new building is all right and there are only a few vacant apartments in it. It is the only thing that has not depreciated. The rents are being paid up better than I expected they would be, and here you will have considerable available cash to your credit, the agent says."

"Well, that is a good point; give us some more of that."

"I will call and see you this evening," said Bartlett, "and tell you all the news."

Huntington hung up the telephone, rested his hands on his knees and Leonora earnestly watched the expression on his face. He remained seated for a full minute, then arising with his arms uplifted, he exclaimed with a chuckle, "Leonora, after all I was only a 'hot air millionaire.' "

"Never mind," said Leonora, catching the lapel of his coat in a sisterly way; "we will exhibit the airship. Don't you believe it will pay?"

"When bad news comes," said Huntington, "it seems to follow along in a procession."

The following morning Huntington discovered that his creditors had an attachment out for



the "Bermuda," and already a custodian with a writ was in possession, sitting meekly down therein discussing events with Mr. Wilson, the engineer, and Nelson, the motorman.

"Of course," said the custodian to Mr. Wilson, "I am only doing my duty. I can't see, however, how this big ugly thing would bring anything at all at a sheriff's sale. Who would want it except only for a houseboat, perhaps."

Mr. Wilson disdainfully answered the man, "No, I suppose it would be worthless to you."



## CHAPTER VII

**H**UNTINGTON kept on investigating. "Worse and worse," he said; "everything I possess seems to be valueless, with the exception of the real estate block, which will probably have to go, too. I am a pauper, simply a pauper."

He decided, however, to say nothing to Carbonel or Childs at present. He took Leonora only in his confidence. They decided to pass the evening at the theatre and between the acts discuss the situation.

"I have a lot of money somewhere," said Leonora; "we are not all broke."

"How do you know," said Huntington, smiling.

Leonora looked amazed. "Why, perhaps it is all gone, too. No, it is not all lost, I know. I put \$3,000 in a safety deposit vault in Chicago before I went to Bermuda, and that's there."

"You will need it," said Huntington. "You will need it, poor child; we won't touch a penny of it."

"I will," said Leonora, "until the airship exhibition is on."



"Nonsense," said Huntington; "I am afraid if the people are stranded, and in such a condition as Bartlett says, they would not pay a penny to see the earth turned into a billiard ball."

"Wait," said Leonora; "something really original will catch them."

They were sitting in the center of a line of empty seats, although the play had been a marvel of success for years. Not one person in the second gallery, only a few in the first, and rows of empty seats everywhere. On the program there was an announcement: "This theatre will close at the end of the performance, Saturday night, and not open again until further notice." There was a gloom about the place. Even those on the stage went through their parts mechanically. It was like the performances in the Theatre Comique, Paris, during the Prussian war. The doors never closed, performances never ceased, but there was no life there!

"What do you really think about this?" said Huntington to Leonora between the first and second act.

"Why, if we have all lost everything," said Leonora, "then we must do the very best we can. Go to work and trust to luck."



They returned to the hotel and Huntington found a letter awaiting him. It was from the proprietor of the Hippodrome. It read: "Dear Sir: Hearing today that you have just made a marvelous trip with a peculiar airship, I can put the ship and all on our stage, showing the manner of operating same and work out a play showing a few excitable moves, the tornado scene, your hasty exit out of Russia, and other thrilling incidents."

"Escape from Russia! How in the dickens did he get that?"

"Why," said Leonora, "the newspapers had cablegrams from Europe in the afternoon editions telling all about Carbonel's escape from Russia. And the evening papers are full of it and Carbonel has been interviewed, and poor Childs has two hundred reporters after him asking him a hundred question every minute. I never saw the newspapers until just now when I heard the boys calling out on the street 'All about the great airship, one thousand miles an hour,' and I bought a few of them and here they are."

"Luckily we went out tonight," said Huntington. "The clerks in the office tell me the house



has been besieged by reporters with flashlight cameras. I will make a contract according to the letter. The manager says," Huntington continued to read, "that if I can secure the services of all the crew and the presence of the young lady and myself, he will pay a thousand dollars per night for six months, and as much longer thereafter as the exhibition continues to pay."

"Didn't I tell you?" said Leonora. "Why, something like that will take when the theatres will not draw at all."

The letter continued, "Call me up on the phone immediately upon your return from the theatre and I will come over and see you and complete the contract. If anything is done it must be done at once. There are 5,000 people now down at Coney Island watching the big airship and all are 'deadheads.' "

"What do you say?" said Huntington, laughing. "You are a little prophetess."

"Don't be too easy," said Leonora; "strike for fifteen hundred dollars per night for the first two weeks and tell him you want a check tonight on account for five thousand dollars to pay off the writs against the 'Bermuda' and other little ex-



penses. He'll make lots of money out of it," said Leonora. "Don't be too easy. His is the biggest theatre in the world."

Huntington called the manager up on the telephone, and in twenty minutes he was in a private parlor at the Waldorf. Huntington had invited Leonora to stay and criticise the contract. Huntington's terms were accepted by the manager.

"Never mind the attachment money," said the manager. "Hang on to your five thousand dollars; I will settle with them. It is a small amount. The airship was attached by some small hot-headed creditors. Now watch for results," said the manager, shaking hands with Huntington and Leonora and bidding them good evening. "I will see you again early in the morning."

It was the work of two laborious days to install the great airship on the mammoth stage of the Hippodrome. A dozen play writers were engaged, but all agreed that the simple recital of the trip as told by Leonora and Carbonel, together with the scientific explanations of Professor Childs, formed a sufficient theme upon which to construct the most exciting and interesting stage drama ever produced. Leonora's



quick wit and keen perception aided the play writers wonderfully, and Huntington sat quietly admiring his assistant manager. The price of admission was reduced, but the great building was packed night after night and many were turned away. The airship in the second act was surrounded by wonderful additions of scenery. Uena Park, Tokio, was elaborated upon until it became a blaze of Japanese glory with hundreds in native costumes, surrounding the great airship. A grand panoramic view of the world passing behind the airship in the distance added much to the production. In the typhoon scene the theatre was darkened and the roar of the wind was so dreadful and natural that small children in the audience and many others became afraid, until they saw Leonora waving the stars and stripes out of the broken window, and then it produced a counter-effect, the audience forgot the illusionary danger and tumultuous cheering almost raised the roof.

Money was streaming in, and as nearly all the fashionable theatres of the city were temporarily closed, thousands on certain nights were unable to gain admission at the Hippodrome. The demand for tickets was unprecedented. At



the close of this particular act the audience filed out, apparently caring nothing for the balance of the performance, so the management decided to cut out all the other numbers on the program and enlarge upon the play relating to the airship. Other scenes were introduced, scenes in Peking, Tokio and other cities, and a great hit was made by showing convict life in the Siberian mines. Leonora appeared only in the scene where she was presented with the string of pearls from the Empress of Japan in Tokio, and during the rescue of Carbonel. Professor Childs related in a short scene his method of changing the atmosphere in the car when they were beyond the limit of gravitation, and Carbonel, Wilson and Nelson operated the car when it ascended and descended. Hundreds of expert mechanics and scientific machine men of all departments were on hand every morning to examine the large spiral screw with its lifting capacity of over thirty tons.

Huntington, during the performance was manager of the airship. He said to Leonora as they sat on the stage before the performance, "You have been my guiding star in this matter, Leonora. You have been faithful to me in my



adversity. Now let me tell you some news. When your poor father died he held a valuable block of buildings in Chicago. It was mortgaged slightly at the time, but in the disastrous days we have passed through and when we were away I heard from a friend in Chicago that an attempt had been made to foreclose and confiscate the property. The real value I was informed was over one hundred thousand dollars and the mortgage only five thousand dollars. A bill had been filed to foreclose. What surprises me you should have had no notice of this. My friend says that he believes the attorney for your father's estate ordered notices sent to you and had written you several letters. Well, never mind, no harm has been done, because I took the liberty, out of the first money I received, to send a check for the amount due on the property in full, and have just received a release. You have been so busy with the play I thought I would say nothing to you about it. It may be that your attorney has been faithful."

"Poor father," said Leonora. "He raised that money to give me in case of accident. He kept two thousand dollars to pay the San Francisco expenses and gave me three thousand dollars



which I have in the safety box, but you are a great big dear man. You would not tell me about what you have done. Oh, dear, how kind it was. Well, I am going to make you take my three thousand dollars on account anyway."

Huntington shook his head and replied, "On no account will I take it. We are just even."

Everything commenced to mend. The banks permitted Huntington to repurchase his lost stocks and bonds. Financial affairs soon changed, stocks increased in value and many of the securities considered unavailable went kiting again. The panic was nearly over. Every form of security appreciated in value. The hot air millionaires picked up odd bits and scraps they had abandoned, but were becoming of some value, and commenced to "over live" again.

"I have been waiting for this blooming panic to cease for many reasons," said Huntington. "One is the airship season contract is about to expire."

Leonora was being taken to the Hippodrome to attend the last performance.

"Are you tired of this?" said Huntington.

"No; I have been delighted all the way through. I like the excitement."



"Yes, so do I," said Huntington, "but I want to travel again. I am going to ask you a question tonight and see what you think about it."

"Now," said Leonora, holding his hand, "don't create a new scene in the airship play. We will be out of it next week, and perhaps we may never perform in the Hippodrome again."

"Never mind," said Huntington, "the little scene I am going to add will not be on public exhibition; it will be given when the curtain rings down."

"Pshaw, what is it?" asked Leonora, innocently. "You know in the play when we all alight in New York and the big round curtain is going up, closing about the airship, the manager of the airship runs in and exclaims, 'Any girl who has the nerve to take a trip like that is the girl I want for my wife,' and then what will the heroine say?"

"Why, I suppose," said Leonora quite composedly, "she would simply think the matter over seriously and give you an answer after the performance."

The Hippodrome manager waited at the exit door of the Hippodrome stage with his sixty horsepower auto and escorted Leonora gallantly



through the throng hanging about the doors. Katusha aided Leonora getting her boxes and parcels. The heroine stepped into the gorgeous vehicle with a light heart and sat next to Huntington, who had pushed his way through the crowd alone, as he had several heavy packages to carry. The Hippodrome manager ordered them driven to the hotel.

Leonora then addressed Huntington, saying "The heroine has nothing to say in regard to your proposal this evening. You know the answer," she smiled sweetly.

"We understand each other. Shake for all time," was all she said.

Huntington knew that Leonora had consented to be his wife.

"God bless the girl," he remarked, "just the original kind of an answer I expected."

Poor Katusha did not comprehend the dialogue, because everything to her had been very strange, and rich or poor, it was all the same, the little Japanese maiden knew no trouble and care was an entire stranger to her. If Missee was happy so was Katusha.

"You will always stand by me, won't you, Katusha?" Leonora asked her that night.



"Me love Misse, die for her," was all Katusha replied.

The wedding of Huntington and Leonora soon followed. The receipts from the Hippodrome had set Huntington on his feet financially and the airship having proved such an attraction was disposed of outright for a large sum to the manager of the Hippodrome.

Carbonel, Wilson and Nelson arranged with the manager of the Hippodrome to remain and give exhibitions with the airship. Huntington and Leonora were quietly married at the "Little Church around the Corner," as suggested by the manager of the Hippodrome, who with his wife and several lady friends attended the wedding.

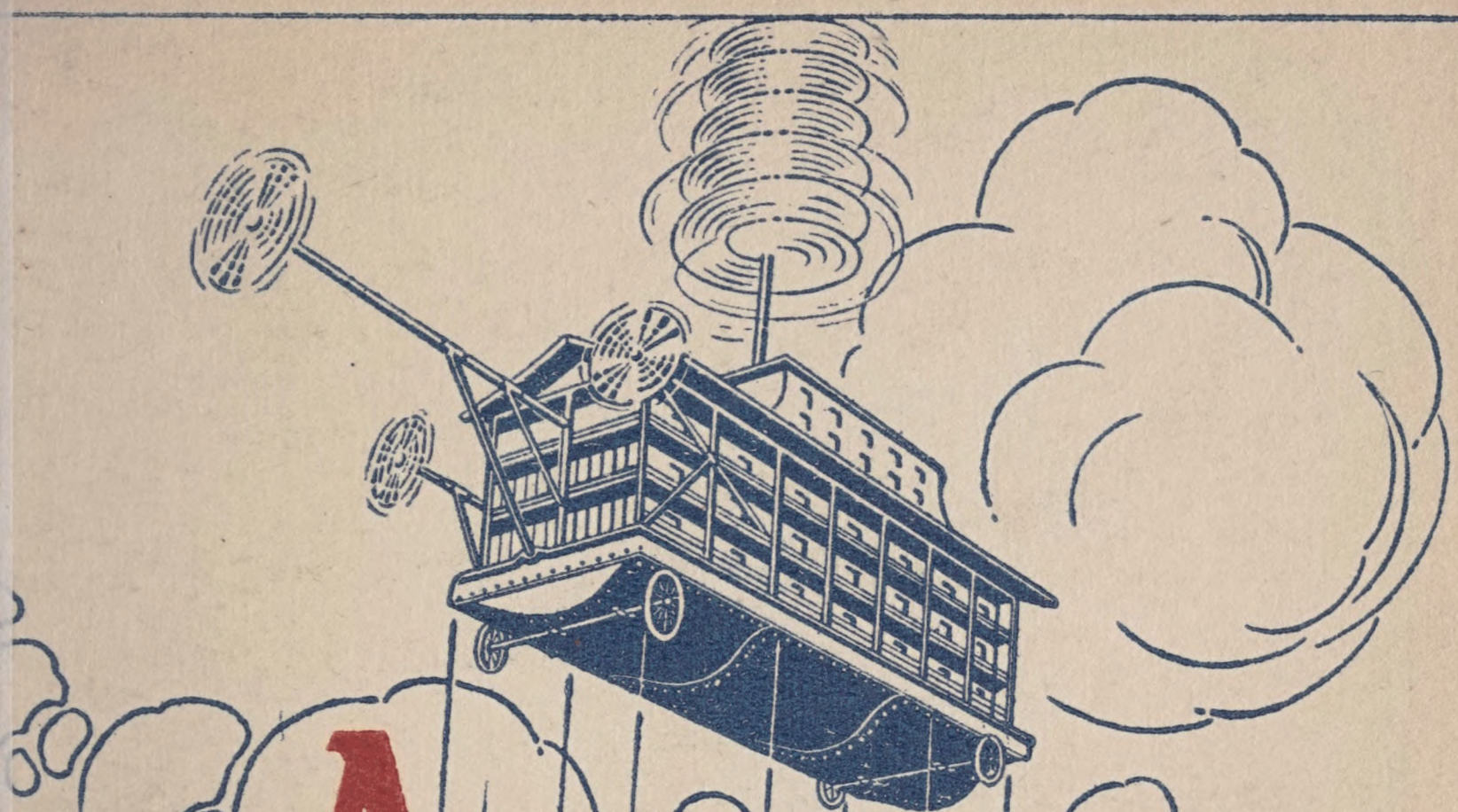
Carbonel, Childs, Wilson and Nelson were also present and were happy to think that Leonora got such a good husband and Huntington such a clever and attractive wife. After bidding an affectionate and fond farewell to those present, Mr. and Mrs. Huntington and Katusha took the night express for an extended trip to California.

As the train was about to move, and Huntington and wife were bidding their friends good-bye, Leonora said to Katusha "Say good-bye, too." The little Japanese maiden put her head out of the open window and sang out sweetly, "Sayonara."



AUG 18 1913





# A Thousand Miles an Hour









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# A Thousand Miles an Hour

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Mother Shipton's Prophecy, 1485:

*“Around the World Thoughts Shall Fly  
In the Twinkling of an Eye”*

It Came True (Wireless Telegraphy)

And the Prophecy in this Story, 1913

“To China you may go  
In about twelve hours or so.” ?!!

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Read this story it will give  
you an idea of what may  
happen in aerial navigation

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